

Republic Pictures' Star

A Fawcett Publication

# ROCKY LANE

JULY

10¢  
NO. 3

## WESTERN

Featuring His Stallion  
**BLACK JACK**

**BIG 52 PAGES**

IN  
THIS ISSUE:

**MOVIE HERO  
ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE**  
IN A  
**WESTERN SAGA  
OF ACTION AND  
ADVENTURE!**

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# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

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CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • WHIZ COMICS • CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • OZZIE AND BARS  
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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

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REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

# Rocky Lane in RANGE JUSTICE

**SHEEP VS. CATTLE—FANNING THE EMBERS OF HAT-TRIGGER TEMPER INTO A FLAMING RANGE WAR IN WHICH QUARTER WAS NEITHER ASKED NOR GIVEN—WITH GRIM DAME NATURE WAITING ON THE SIDELINES TO STRIKE IN RECLAMATION OF HER FRONTIERS. SUCH WAS THE RAGING BATTLE FOR SURVIVAL THAT SENT THE INDOMITABLE ROCKY LANE PLUNGING ROUGHSHOD INTO A MAELSTORM OF THUNDERING HOOVES AND BLAZING SIX GUNS—ARMED WITH AN "OLD SAYING" AND A GALLANT FIGHTING HEART, BENT ON ESTABLISHING**

**"RANGE JUSTICE!"**

**A SOLITARY FIGURE AND HIS GREAT BLACK STALLION LOOK AT THE DESTRUCTIVE FURY OF NATURE ON THE RAMPAGE—IT IS ROCKY LANE—SECRET MARSHAL—GUARDIAN OF THE WEST, AND HIS HORSE BLACK JACK!**

**A FOREST FIRE! GET GOING, BLACK JACK!**

**I FIGURED THIS DRY SPELL MIGHT SET THE TIMBER ABLAZE / BUT IF IT KEEPS HEADING FOR THE RIVER, THE COUNTRY IS SAFE!**

## A GRIMLIN SCAN

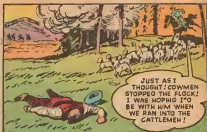
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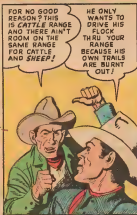














# RIVER RESCUE

ANOTHER EXCITING **R.C.**  
AND **QUICKIE** ADVENTURE!

**'R.C.' and QUICKIE** STOP THEM, BEFORE THEY  
DRINK A BOTTLE OF **ROYAL CROWN COLA** FORBIDDEN... THEN  
SOMEONE MUST HEAR A **CRASH!**

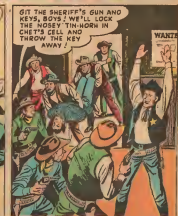


LOOK AS A PLUM, 'TIL OF SOME ONE  
AND DRINK!



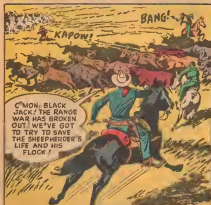
WE'VE ALWAYS DRINK  
ROYAL CROWN COLA. IT'S BEST-  
TASTING, FULL OF QUICK, ENERGETIC  
COOL AND REFRESHING!







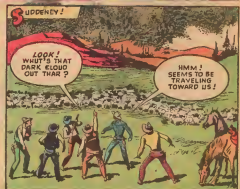














ALAN "ROCKY" LANE, famous Cowboy Star, appearing in Republic's production "Sword of Wichita"—a thrilling drama of the Old West.

# HOW "ROCKY" LANE RESCUED

HIS FAMOUS HORSE

## BLACK JACK

FROM THE OUTLAWS



BLACK JACK'S GONE, ROCKY! THOSE HOSS THIEVES STOLE HIM FOR... RANSOM!

THERE'S ONLY ONE PASS A HORSE CAN GET THRU. I'LL CLIMB THE CLIFF AND REAP 'EM OFF.

GOOD THING I HAD MY CARNATION MALTED BEFORE I STARTED! I TAKE ENERGY.



The outlaws stole Rocky's horse in the night, and left a ransom note.

Stopping only for a Carnation Malted, Rocky climbs the cliff.

THERE'S BLACK JACK! AND THE RUSTLERS ARE SLEEPING...



But Black Jack, wanted Rocky, and split the silent dawn with a loud whinner!



What a fight! They met Rocky head-on! But even after his long climb, he had plenty of energy left, from his Carnation Malted!

ALL GO FOR THE SHERIFF, ROCKY! BUT YOU'RE ALL IN!

NOT ME! JUST GIVE ME ANOTHER CARNATION MALTED, AND I COULD START ALL OVER AGAIN.



Here's the secret of Rocky's energy. Wouldn't you like to have it?



**ASK YOUR MOM  
TO GIVE YOU  
CARNATION  
MALTEDS.  
PARDNER!**

**THEY'LL HELP YOU  
GET BIGGER  
AND STRONGER  
FASTER!**

Rocky Lane's as strong and hardy as they come! He has to be, for his rugged life. So Rocky drinks plenty of Carnation Malted Milk, to help him keep in top condition. It's a real energy food, builds bone-and-muscle. So take Rocky's tip, for extra endurance and strength...drink Carnation Malted's of course, often. They're easy to mix-and boy, are they good!



**TWO FLAVORS!**  
Chocolate and Natural  
in Ready To Use, too.

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

















THEY'RE NOT  
LOCUSTS ---  
THEY'RE  
BIRDS!!!

WAL,  
TAN MY  
HIDE!



WE'RE  
SAVED!  
LOOK AT THEM  
GORBLE THE  
VARMINTS UP!

THEY  
OVERTOOK  
THEM IN TIME,  
NICK OF TIME, TOO!  
MUST HAVE BEEN  
FOLLOWING THEM  
FOR MILES!



RECKON OUR TROUBLE IS OVER!  
LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY!  
THOSE WOOLIES CAME IN RIGHT  
HANDY A WHILE BACK, IN  
HELPING TO SAVE THE RANGE!  
STILL GOT ANY OBJECTIONS  
TO THEM PASSING THRU,  
CHET CLINTON?



NARY A ONE, ROCKY LANE!  
THEM WOOLIES CAN PASS  
THRU MY RANGE ANYTIME  
AND I AIM TO ESCORT  
THEM PERSONALLY!  
PUT 'ER THAR, OLD  
TIMER! I'M PLUMS  
SORRY FOR THE  
TROUBLE I PUT  
YOU TO!



SHAKE 'AN' I AIM TO HELP  
BULO BACK THEY CORRAL  
O' YOURS! WE'VE COME THRU  
TOD MUCH TOGETHER TO  
START FUSSIN' ALL OVER  
AGIN --- THANKS TO  
ROCKY LANE!



IT MAKES ME FEEL RIGHT GOOD  
TO SEE YOU GENTS GET ALONG  
LIKE THIS! RECKON IF WE CAN  
ALL STICK TOGETHER IN TIME  
O' TROUBLE, WE CAN DO IT ANY  
TIME --- AND THAT'S  
WHAT COUNTS!



GOODBYE, GENTS! I'LL BE  
SEEDING YOU AGAIN!  
AWAY, BLACK JACK!



THAR GOES  
THE FIGHTIN'EST,  
RIDIN'EST,  
SQUAREST GENT  
EVER TO FORK  
HORSEHIDE!

YOU CAN  
SAY THE  
AGAIN ---  
FOR  
ME!



**B**UCK SAYERS was able to buy the ranch pretty cheaply because it was haunted.

Ever since old Tom Griggs had been murdered there, the place had been vacant. The rumor was that weird lights had been seen in the vacant house at night. And that strange, mournful cries emanated from it. Chains had been heard clanking.

And Joe Sun-in-Morning, the half-breed, had sworn he saw a white rider on a white horse galloping away from the place at midnight, galloping and then disappearing into the air.

But Buck didn't mind. He was not afraid of man, beast or ghost and the haunted ranch was the only one in all the valley he could afford to buy.

Hiring hands was a problem at first. There were some men who would bulldog the toughest steer or ride courageously into the face of blazing guns, but who just wouldn't take a chance on tangling with the supernatural. But he finally wheedled, cajoled and shamed enough men into making up an adequate crew.

Some of them were a little shaky at first; but after a week passed without any sign of a spook, they relaxed and went about their work in the ordinary manner.

Buck gave a lot of credit to Matty Tighe, the foreman. Matty openly guffawed at the very idea of ghosts.

"Any ghost comes snoopin' around me I'll horse-whup him, that's what I'll do," bellowed Matty. Matty was a big man with black hair, black eyebrows and a black stubble on his face, though he shaved regularly. His voice boomed and he gave the impression that he could lick any spook in the world.

Buck felt lucky to get him. Matty had been foreman under old Tom Griggs and he knew the ropes. After old Tom had been murdered and the ranch closed, Matty had drifted around the town, but Buck had been easily able to persuade him to come back to the ranch.

Since his workers seemed to be comparatively happy, Buck Sayers decided to keep them that way by giving them a treat.

On Saturday night he threw open the spacious living room of the ranch for a square dance. He hired a fiddler in town, and a couple of the hands who were accomplished with harmonica and jug helped him out with the music.

The dance was going well and everybody was having a rousing good time when the old grandfather clock in the corner tolled twelve times. While the last ring was echoing away, a white figure appeared at the open window.

"Stop the music!" he called in a sepulchral voice.

The music stopped and everybody looked. A couple of girls screamed. The figure seen dimly in the darkness was all white. His hat was white. His shirt was white and his face was ghastly white. The ominous voice spoke again.

"This ranch is doomed! Leave at once!"

Matty Tighe was the first to act. He leaped toward the window, drawing his gun as he charged.

"You're trespassin', mister," he bellowed, "an' you're gonna taste lead!"

He fired six times, straight through the window, straight at the white figure. Amazingly, the spectral being remained standing, unharmed.

"Foolish fellow, your bullets can't harm a dead man," said the awesome voice.

Matty dropped his gun and stood open-mouthed. "He . . . is . . . a . . . ghost!"

The white figure turned and disappeared from the window. Buck ran to the opening and looked out in time to see the all-white man mount an all-white horse and gallop away.

A few minutes later Buck Sayers was alone in the big room. All the merrymakers had fled. Some of the hands didn't even bother to go to the bunkhouse to collect their duffle. Buck had to steel himself to keep from running with the rest. He didn't believe in ghosts and yet his eyes told him he had seen one. He sat for a long time with his hands against his forehead, thinking, thinking. And every night noise, the cry of a hoot owl, the crackling of a twig, gave him the shivers.

FIRST  
TIME  
OFFER

Looks like a bird... flaps its wings like a bird...  
**ACTUALLY FLIES LIKE A BIRD!!!**

# It's "FLAPHAPPY"

the latest  
scientific  
marvel!

**WOWIE!  
LOOK AT  
'ER FLY!**



Mom and Dad and your friends  
will say: "I just don't believe it!"—  
but

FLAPHAPPY will flap its wings  
just like a real bird and fly like  
crazy around the room!

Greatest idea since Grville Wright's  
flying machine! The experts just couldn't  
believe their eyes when they first saw Flap-  
happy! Because here's a flapping wing motion  
that really works!

Took over 3000 years to perfect!

The ancient Greeks tried to  
make a "bird machine"—and  
failed. Down through the ages  
others have tried without suc-  
cess. And just today—NOW, at  
LAST, you CAN OWN ONE!



Offer on your order of November 11 & 12

Now you can have this marvelous new  
toy for a song! Ordinarily such an ex-  
citing flying toy might be quite expensive.  
But by special arrangement the makers of  
GRAPE-NUTS and GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES  
now offer these toys for ONLY 15¢ and a  
box too from either of these great cereals!

Offer terminates December 11, 1949

IT'S ONLY

# 15¢

AND THE TOP  
FROM ONLY  
ONE BOX OF  
GRAPE-NUTS OR  
GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES



Products of  
General Foods

**BE THE FIRST OF YOUR  
GANG TO GET IT —  
MAIL THIS NOW!**



*Send me that flapping, flying Flaphappy Bird!*

Send 15¢ Cash—Days 11—P.O. Box 209  
Burlingame, Calif.

Or send me the top from a box  
of Grape-Nuts or Grape-Nuts Flakes. Send my  
Flaphappy!

MY NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET or R.F.D. \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

This offer valid in day School, 9:00 a.m. or local newspaper  
where published on a limited basis only.

Offer not good except on November 11 & 12, A.D.



**B**UCK was up early. Truth to tell, he hadn't slept well. But besides, he had a big problem on his hands. A ranch, with no one to work it. He knew the story of the ghost would spread rapidly. Unless he were able to prove it a fake, he'd never be able to hire anybody to work for him.

Somehow the rising sun gave him new confidence, new assurance that the ghost was not really a ghost at all.

"But how could he withstand Matty's bullets, fired at point blank?" he asked himself.

Something in the question gave him a clue. There was an old tool shed directly opposite the window where the "ghost" had appeared. Buck examined the walls of the tool shed carefully. "Hmmm!" he said, stroking his chin.

Then he went to the bunkhouse. It was in disarray, just as the fleeing men had left it; but on the floor in front of a cracked mirror Buck found traces of a powdery white substance.

"Now I know how it was done," he told himself. "But why?"

**H**E thought back to the murder of old Tom Griggs and what he had heard about it. Tom had been shot through the head. The ranch house had been ransacked. It was theorized that the murderer had been looking for the gold Tom was supposed to have hidden in or around the ranch. It was not known whether the murderer found the gold.

"He didn't!" exclaimed Buck, aloud. "That's the reason for all this ghost business! The murderer wants the ranch vacant so he can keep on looking!"

Buck decided to try to find the gold himself. He went through the ranch house carefully, through the bunkhouse, through the barns, through the tool shed. He had decided in advance that this was probably futile. The murderer must have gone through all these places, too. But in the tool shed he saw something that didn't seem to belong. It was a long stick with a hook on the end. It was, indeed, so much like a shepherd's crook that it seemed particularly out of place on a cattleman's property.

Buck examined the long hook and thought and thought as to its possible use. His brainwork bore fruit. "The well!" he exclaimed.

He took the hook and probed in the well. He was rewarded. The curved end caught a handle and he pulled up a covered bucket. He pried off the lid. "Gold!" he exclaimed.

So absorbed was he that he hadn't heard the two men approaching behind him. One spoke. "Gold, yes, but you won't live to enjoy it!" Buck recognized the sepulchral voice.

He turned. The speaker was the same "spook" who had appeared at the window, only now his face was not white. It was saddle color. And the other man was Buck's erstwhile foreman, Matty Tighe.

"Plug him and push him in the well," said Matty, coldly.

Buck realized they weren't kidding. He, himself, was unarmed.

That is, he had no gun. But he had fighting spirit. He flung the bucket of gold at Matty, knocking him down, and almost in the same move, brought the hook sharply over the other man's gun hand, sending the revolver clattering to earth. Then he leaped forward to land a solid punch on the "spook's" jaw.

**"W**ELL, they confessed," said the sheriff. "It was Matty that killed old Griggs, but I reckon the other one is just about as guilty. Thing is, I can't see how you figured out their ghost business was a fake. Sure sounded like they convinced everybody else that was up to your square dance."

Buck explained. "I knew that if Matty actually shot through the ghost, there'd be slugs in the tool shed wall. There weren't. That meant he was using blanks. If he was using blanks, then he was in on the deal and the other guy wasn't a ghost. And I was sure of that when I got in the bunkhouse and found traces of white stuff on the floor. It was flour. The guy had plastered his face with moist flour to make it white. You know, like kids do on Hallowe'en to make up like clowns."

"Well, I reckon there won't be any more haunts at your ranch for a spell," chuckled the sheriff, "an' with all that gold you ought to be able to hire just about the best top hands in the west."

THE END

CAN YOU  
FIND THE

# Secret Clues TO MONARK'S POPULARITY?

• Find the SECRET CLUES to Monark's tremendous popularity and win a colorful "Air-Wing" Lapel Button. Why do YOU want a Monark Super Deluxe? Answer THAT question and you'll probably have the SECRET CLUES to Monark's popularity... will win the "Air-Wing" Lapel Button that makes YOU a member of the nationwide "Air-Wing" Club.

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☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

SEND COUPON, NEW FREE FOLDER WHETHER OR NOT I WANT "AIR-WING" LAPEL BUTTON.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY  STATE

# SLIM PICKENS

HEY, SLIM PICKENS!  
WHAT ARE YUH  
DOING TO MUH  
NAT?

DON'T GET EXCITED!  
YUH SAID IT WAS A  
TEN-GALLON NAT AND  
I WAS JUST TRYIN'  
TO SEE IF IT HOLDS  
THAT MUCH WATER!

## THE CLOTHES HORSE

LOOK WHAT YUH DID!  
YUH RUINED IT! NOW  
I'LL HAVE TO GO BUY  
A NEW ONE!

WHILE YO'RE  
AT IT, YUH OUGHT  
TO GET YORESELF  
SOME NEW DUDS, TOO!  
I'VE SEEN BROKEN  
ARMS CROSSED BETTER  
THAN YUH!

WHAT DO YUH  
MEAN? THIS SHIRT  
FITS ME LIKE  
A GLOVE!

YEAH--A BOXYING  
GLOVE! YO'RE THE  
SLOPPIEST CRITTER  
I EVER DID SEE!

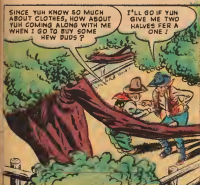
YO'RE NO ONE TO  
TALK! LOOK AT THEM  
THAR BROWN SPOTS  
ON YORE SHIRT!

THOSE AREN'T SPOTS!  
THAT'S RUST! WHEN  
I BOUGHT THIS SHIRT  
THEY SAID IT WOULD  
WEAR LIKE IRON!

WELL, DON'T BELIEVE  
EVERYTHING THEY TELL  
YUH! WHEN I BOUGHT  
THIS SHIRT, THEY SAID  
IT WAS SO STRONG  
IT WOULD LAUGH AT  
THE LAUNDRY!

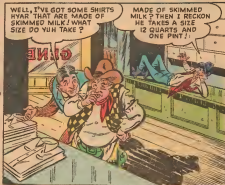
THEY TOLD YUH THE TRUTH!  
YORE SHIRT MUST HAVE  
LAUGHED SO MUCH IT  
CAME BACK WITH ITS  
SIDE SPLIT!







# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROPING 'N' RIDING

with ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE

and his STALLION BLACK JACK



ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE  
AND BLACK JACK  
4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.  
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

## HONDY PODNERS:

BLACK JACK AND I ARE ABRIMMIN' OVER AND BUSTIN' OUT AT THE SEAMS WITH EXCITEMENT AS WE JUST WOUND UP OUR NEW MOVIE LABELED "DEATH VALLEY GUN FIGHTERS" AND WE'RE READY TO SHOVE OFF ON A ROUGH AND WOOLY WILD HORSE ROUND-UP IN THE STATE OF WYOMING. WE EXPECT A LOT OF FUN AND WISH YOU COULD COME ALONG.

A WILD HORSE ROUND-UP IS A GREAT SPORT, BUT IT CAN BE A BIG HEADACHE, TOO. IT TAKES A LOT OF SAVVY. THE FIRST THING YOU HAVE TO DO IS SECURE A PERMIT FROM THE UNITED STATES GRAZING SERVICE AND ALSO FROM THE COUNTY BOSSES WHERE YOU PLAN TO HUNT. THEN YOU'VE GOT TO BUILD "CATCH" CORRALS IN THE OPEN AND GET A BUNCH OF RANCH HORSES TOGETHER. YOU CALL THESE YOUR DAY HERD—SORT OF A DECOY. YOU DRIVE THE HERD OUT INTO THE OPEN RANCH COUNTRY WHERE THERE IS PLENTY OF GRASS. THEN YOU START YOUR HUNT.

ONCE YOU SIGHT THE WILD HORSES, (IT MIGHT TAKE DAYS OR WEEKS MAYBE) YOU TRY TO GET THEM TO JOIN YOUR DAY HERD. NOW ALL HORSES, WILD OR GENTLE, WILL ALMOST ALWAYS JOIN UP WITH ANOTHER HERD WHEN BEING CHASED. ONCE THEY'RE JOINED UP, YOU DRIVE THEM ALL TOWARD AND INTO YOUR CATCH PENS. SOUNDS EASY, DOESN'T IT? WELL, AFTER THEY'RE CORRALED, THE REAL WORK BEGINS BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT TO GET YOUR CATCH TO CIVILIZATION. YOU MUST RIG UP A WAY TO KEEP THE CRITTERS SLOWED DOWN SO THEY CAN'T RUN OFF ON THE WAY. ONE METHOD USED IS THIS. YOU TIE THEIR TAILS TO A HOBBLE ON A FRONT FOOT, USING A PIECE OF SHEEPSKIN INSIDE THE HOBBLE SO THE HORSE WILL NOT SUFFER A ROPE BURN WHICH COULD BECOME INFECTED AND MAYBE CAUSE THE HORSE TO DIE.

WHEN THE HUNTING IS OVER, THESE WILD HORSES ARE TRAINED AND USED FOR MANY THINGS. SOME MAKE FINE SADDLE HORSES. OF COURSE, A LOT OF THEM JUST NEVER COULD BE TAMED. YOU'RE APT TO SEE THESE AT SOME RODEO ABOUNCIN' SOME COWBOY SKYHIGH, WHO, WHEN HE'S COMING DOWN, USES HIS SCALP FOR A ONE POINT LANDING.

WELL, THE SUN'S ASHININ', SO WE BETTER BE ON OUR WAY. THE NEXT TIME WE WRITE TO YOU I KNOW THERE WILL BE MORE EXCITING NEWS.

SO LONG FOR NOW,

YOUR PAL,  
*Allan "Rocky" Lane*  
AND HIS HORSE **BLACK JACK**

P.S.

OUR LATEST MOVIE ADVENTURES NOW SHOWING ON YOUR LOCAL SCREENS ARE "MARSHAL OF AMERILLO", "THE DENVER KID" AND "SUNDOWN IN SANTA FE"



# RESCUE FROM THE REDSKINS

A DREAMLAND DRAMA...

FEATURING "RED" WALKER



HYAH!! ON THE  
HIDEOUT!! I'M NOT  
GOING!! IT FOR THE POST!



DAY, FRECKLEPUSS--  
I JUST SAW YOU OVER  
THERE. WALKING. YOU  
GOT SPEED TO BURN!

WHY--  
LUCKY I  
HAD ON  
MY BALL-  
BANDS!



WHAT KIND TENDER-  
FOOT TALK IS THAT?

DOES YOU CAN'T BEAT  
BALL-BANDS FOR QUICK-  
STARTING ACTION?



"--AND NOW SAYS THEY GUARD YOUR FEET IN  
THREE REAL PLACES!"

ONLY BALL-BAND HAS THE  
EXCLUSIVE ARCH-SARD

ARCH-SARD GIVES  
THE LONG ARCH  
NEEDED SUPPORT  
FOR MORE COMFORT  
AND GREATER  
PROTECTION.

ARCH-SARD CUSHIONS THE  
HEEL AND EASES RUNNING  
AND JUMPING SHOCK

ARCH-SARD CUSHIONS THE  
BETWEEN-TOE ARCH TO HELP  
PREVENT TRIPS OF YOUR  
ANKLES.



JUST WHAT I NEED TO  
OUTDOPE THOSE PEEKY RED-  
SKINS. WALK 'EM OVER,  
CARRON-HE-DO!

HEY, WAIT!  
NO--YOU CAN'T  
HAVE THEM!



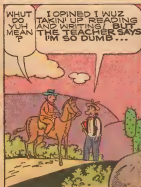
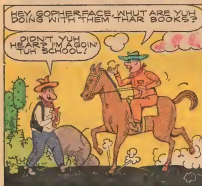
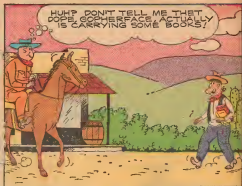
NO-NO-NO!

GOSH, WHAT A MISHMERE!  
ALMOST LOST MY LIFE (AND  
MY BALL-BANDS. TRYING  
HISTORY-STUDYING FOR YOU!

LOOK FOR THE RED BALL--SIGN  
OF THE BEST SHOE IN CAMPUS  
SHOES--IN THE STORE AND ON  
THE SOLE OF THE SHOE.



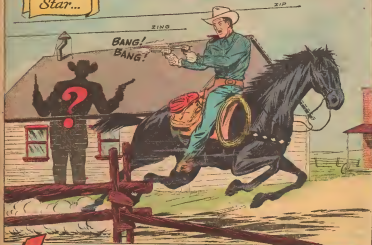
**BALL-BAND**  
RED, E.S. PAT. OFF. REG.  
AUGUSTA, GEORGIA



# Rocky LANE

Republic  
Pictures'  
Star...

in *The Unknown Assailant*



HERE'S NOTHING MORE HEARTBREAKING, MORE NERVEWRACKING OR MORE DANGEROUS THAN FIGHTING THE UNKNOWN! AS THE SECRET U.S. MARSHAL, ROCKY LANE, DISCOVERS IN "THE UNKNOWN ASSAILANT."

ONE NIGHT AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN DOVER...

SLOWLY, SHERIFF! THE CHIEF MARSHAL SENT ME OVER! HE SAID YOU, ASKED FOR A SPECIAL MARSHAL.

I'M GLAD HE SENT YUH ROCKY! THAR ISN'T A BRAINIER LAWYMAN IN THE WEST AND I SURE NEED A CLEVER MAN NOW!

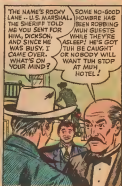
SOME LOW-DOWN VIPER HAS BEEN PULLING OFF A SERIES OF ROBBERIES IN DOVER CITY AND HE ALWAYS MANAGES TO ESCAPE WITHOUT LEAVING A SINGLE CLUE! RANCHER TULLY HYAR IS HIS LATEST VICTIM!

HAS THIS BANDIT CONFIRMED HIS ROBBERIES JUST TO RANCHERS?

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT, BUT JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO I RECEIVED WORD THAT JIM DICKSON, THE OWNER OF THE DOVER CITY HOTEL HYAR IN TOWN WANTS TUN SEE ME RIGHT AWAY! I'M AFERAID THE BANDIT'S BEEN TUN HIS PLACE, TOO!

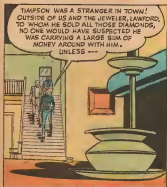
YOU GET ALL THE FACTS YOU CAN FROM TULLY! I'LL DROP OVER TO SEE DICKSON!

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

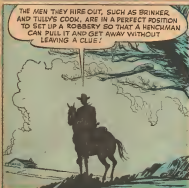
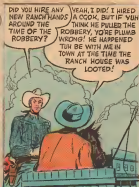


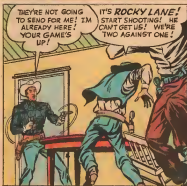
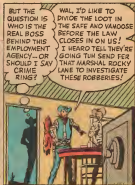
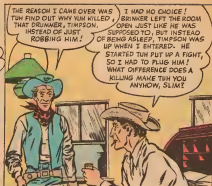
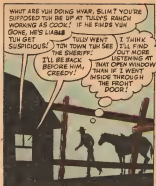


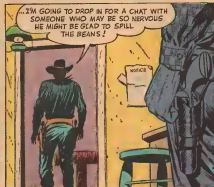
# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

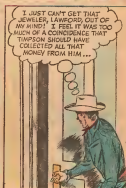
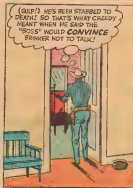
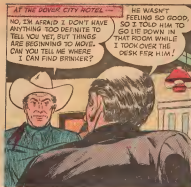


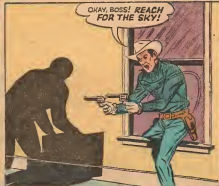
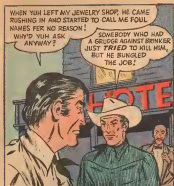


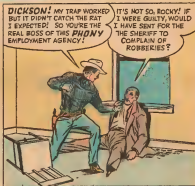
















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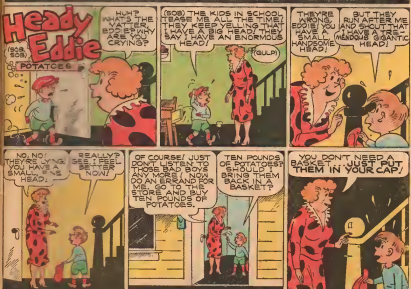
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**Heady Eddie**

(SOB, SOB) POTATOES

HUH? WHAT'S THE MATTER BOBBY? WHY ARE YOU CRYING?

(SOB) THE KIDS IN SCHOOL TEASE ME ALL THE TIME! THEY KEEP YELLING THAT I HAVE A BIG HEAD! THEY SAY I HAVE AN ENORMOUS HEAD!

(GULP)

THEY'RE WRONG, EDDIE! YOU HAVE A SMALL HANDSOME HEAD!

BUT THEY RUN AFTER ME AND SHOUT THAT I HAVE A TRE-MENDOUS GOATIC HEAD!

NO, NO! THEY'RE LYING! YOU HAVE A SMALL HEAD!

REALLY? SEE, I FEEL BETTER NOW!

OF COURSE! JUST DON'T LISTEN TO THOSE BAD BOYS ANY MORE! NOW DO AN ERRAND FOR ME, GO TO THE STORE AND BUY TEN POUNDS OF POTATOES.

TEN POUNDS OF POTATOES? SHOULD I BRING THEM BACK IN A BASKET?

YOU DON'T NEED A BASKET. JUST PUT THEM IN YOUR CAP!

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